

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICHED, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL XIV—NO. 1.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 577.

## HENRIETTA ST. LEGER.

A TALE.

**HANDSOME**, well-bred, and accomplished, Henrietta had attained her seventeenth year, the admiration of all those whose rank in life permitted them to approach her.—Intoxicated with flattery, her numerous virtues were obscured by levity; and the fond indulgence of her parents rather strengthened her in error, than eradicated those false prejudices that she entertained. Yet there were in her mind lurking merits, that restrained her from all excess, and so well tempered her failings, as to diminish them almost beyond perception.

Among those who knew and justly estimated her worth, was the Count D'Arcy, a nobleman of immense fortune, and equal philanthropy. Nature had not been prodigal to his person, and he was past the meridian of life; deficiencies that Henrietta, accustomed to the adoration of the finest men in Paris, could not easily overlook, even had not a more insuperable barrier subsisted between them.

D'Arcy had a friend, graceful in person and insinuating in manners. The bright fable eyes of Albert beamed such intelligent rays to the heart of Henrietta, as soon taught it to own no other power. The Baron St. Leger saw the prepossession of his daughter with pain: he esteemed D'Arcy, and fixed his fondest hopes on his union with Henrietta; but she repaid all his attentions with scorn, and determined no other than Albert should command her affections. D'Arcy, who beheld with agony her decided preference, withdrew his suit, and secretly endured all the agony of a disappointed and hopeless passion. The Baron vainly intreated her to pay a proper attention to the character of her young lover: his birth was known to be illustrious, but he feared his disposition might be such as to destroy the peace of his child. There were the precautions of age, prone to suspicion. The mind of Henrietta was too open to harbor the remotest idea of unworthiness in a beloved object, and she yielded to his suit with a generous frankness, that soon rendered further precaution needless.

The day was fixed for their union, and the neglected D'Arcy retired from a scene of torture to his chateau, in a remote part of the province. The Baron shed tears at his departure: lamented his daughter's infatuation; and promised always to think of him with the warmest friendship.

The morning that was to make the lovely Henrietta a happy bride at length arrived; her heart bounded with delight, and the playful dimples in her cheeks shewed her raptures: nor was Albert less transported; he saw her unsuspecting confidence and tenderest affections about to be reposed in his bosom; and while beauty filled his mind with admiration, her innocence brought with it a pang he vainly tried to conceal. He flattered as he paid for the morning salutation; and when he would have raised her hand to his lips, his own dropped nerveless by his side. Altered, almost to fainting, by his emotion, Henrietta sank into a chair, and the ceremony was needfully suspended for a few moments; in which interval a servant delivered a letter to Miss St. Leger.

at perceiving the superscription in an unknown hand, she hastily tore it open, and read, in an almost unintelligible scrawl, these words:—

"IF you have the least humanity, suspend your marriage with Albert Dufour till you have seen the unhappy writer of this, to whom the bearer will conduct you. Bid Albert remember the wrongs of

"MARIA DE LACY,"

It were difficult to describe the agitation of Henrietta on the perusal of this; still more so that of Albert, whose perturbed looks evinced his guilt, and he retired from the room, to conceal his evident alarm. Too fond to descend upon flight grounds, she instantly accompanied the bearer of the note; and a post-chaise, which stood in waiting, soon conveyed them to a neat cottage, on the banks of the Seine, about twenty miles from the Baron's castle. The woman, her companion, led her into a small apartment, and begged her to wait a few moments while she prepared her mistress for her reception, who was, she informed her, in a very infirm state of health.

She left her, in a state of the most anxious suspense.—It now, for the first time, occurred to her, that this might be but a stratagem of D'Arcy's to get her into his power, and she every moment expected him to enter the apartment. Her terrors were soon removed: her conductress returned, leading in a young woman, whose pallid countenance shewed the traces of deep distress, and the most winning loveliness: in her hand she held a blooming boy of two years old, who seemed vainly endeavoring to support her feeble steps. She clasped her hands together as Henrietta rose from her seat, and, as the tears trickled down her cheeks, would have bent her knees to the ground; but Henrietta sprung forward, caught her in her arms, and, placing her on a seat, used her utmost endeavors to keep her in a state of sensibility. As soon as the young woman revived, she ordered the attendant to withdraw, and turning to Miss St. Leger, addressed her with a tone of voice so sweetly plaintive, as touched her to the heart.—

"You behold, Madam," said she, "an unhappy woman, who can now claim no other name than that of Maria. I have disgraced my family by my unfortunate attachment, and now deservedly suffer the pangs of retribution. My father was tutor to the Chevalier Dufour. Educated together, it is no wonder I imbibed the fondest affection for him with my earliest infancy, which he has ardently returned. The death of my dear parent soon left me wholly dependant upon his bounty, and I was the victim of my gratitude to him. Early in life left to the guidance of his own inclination, pleasure deluded him from the paths of honor, and I soon found that his attachment to me was but of a very transient nature, and that as he considered very lightly. Death would have been more welcome to me than his indifference; yet I was urged to endure it, and learnt that the name of his family name demanded that I should marry him. You, Madam, are the object of his adoration; and this dear father, who was so long remembered, has left me to you, and I am now in your power. I am, in all

my affliction, I had a friend: the excellent Count D'Arcy visited me frequently. His friendship for my still loved Albert extended itself to me; yet he was too generous and noble-minded to disturb your happiness with what might be considered only as the result of a selfish view. He visited me, assisted me with money, for I had long refused to receive any pecuniary favor from Albert, and gave me advice and consolation. From him I learnt your approaching marriage. It was an event I had long determined to survive; and I sent for you now, Madam, to bequeath this infant to your care:—condescend to plead its cause to its unkind father!—It is the last request of a dying wretch, who will no longer interrupt your happiness."

As Maria concluded, she sunk upon her knees, as imploring pity; while Henrietta, with streaming eyes, placed herself beside her, and vowed she would never part them. After much expostulation, she prevailed upon the fair sufferer to return with her to the castle, which they performed by easy stages; and, by the way, Henrietta tenderly endeavored to fortify her mind against the approaching interview with Albert.

During the absence of Henrietta he had shut himself up closely in his chamber, and would not speak to any one. A message from Henrietta soon recalled him, and she presented Maria to him with a dignity that surprised all present.—

"This Lady, Sir," said she, with assumed composure, "you have greatly injured:—you have also deceived me. I once promised myself in an union with you: circumstances are materially altered; think me not so base as to found my happiness on the wretchedness of another. Whatever affection I might once have felt for you, be assured it would quickly change into abhorrence and contempt, were you to refuse doing justice to an amiable girl, whose artless affections you have abused. The only compensation you can now make for the baseness you designed to add towards me, is, by restoring her to happiness. See your beauteous child, too!—does not its innocent looks speak to your heart, and make you wonder at your own madness? Want of fortune shall no longer be an obstacle: with my father's consent, I can now present Maria with five thousand pounds; and as for myself, I am determined to set you the example of self-command, by assuring my dear father, that my hand shall now be entirely at his disposal."

The magnanimity of her conduct shewed the reality Albert into veneration, and he embraced his long deferred Maria with tenderness, entreating only that Henrietta would bless them with her friendship.

Fearing to trust to the weakness of her own heart, Henrietta hastened the consummation of their union as much as possible, and parted from them with a calmness—the result of conscious rectitude. As soon as she could recover from the shock her spirits had sustained, she permitted the Baron to recall D'Arcy. His amiable conduct endeared him to her, and the want of personal attractions ceased to be a consideration. Convinced of her former error, she made atonement by the kindest attention to D'Arcy, who became her husband.

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after a short period had elapsed, to the heart-felt satisfaction of the Baron.

The virtuous forbearance and obedience of Henrietta was rewarded by the affection of the best of men. A friendly intercourse was established between the two families, and the happiness of each is only injured by the felicity of the other.

#### THE BREAKFAST.

WHILE a soldier belonging to Colchester-barracks, (says a London paper) was amusing himself with shooting, unfortunately a wood-pigeon flew across the road and perched on a tree in an adjoining park: the soldier fired brought it to the ground, jumped over the pales and secured his prize; but leaving it a few minutes by the side of his gun, found both seized and re-loaded by the game-keeper, who not only abused the fellow with very harsh language, but threatened with the most violent imprecations, to shoot him dead on the spot if he did not eat the bird raw! Hard as this article of capitulation was, the warrior, having lost his musket, was obliged to comply, and attempted to carry it into execution; but had not eaten two mouthfuls, when its powerful effect as an emetic, prevented his proceeding any further. The game-keeper finding he had done his utmost to fulfil the terms of capitulation, relaxed in some degree from his brutality, and excused him the finishing of the horrid repast. The soldier then earnestly requested to have his gun returned, which, after some time hesitating, the gamekeeper complied with. No sooner was the son of Mars in possession of his gun, than pointing it against the game-keeper, he used the same words and imprecations that had before been uttered against him, to oblige the other to eat up the rest. The poor game-keeper was forced to comply, and had gotten half way through his bloody meal, when the soldier, unable to bear the savage scene, and dreading the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements, decamped, leaving him to finish it by himself. No sooner was Mr Gamekeeper left alone, thinking himself at liberty to act at discretion he sat off in full speed, and meeting an officer, learnt from him that the soldier, was one of his company. A regular complaint was lodged against him for shooting in a gentleman's park, and an interview fixed for the evening parade. The gamekeeper did not fail to attend, in the hope of bringing the poor fellow to the halbert. The officer called the soldier from the ranks and asked him if he knew that man, to which he cheerfully replied, yes, your honor, I had the pleasure to breakfast with him this morning! He then related every circumstance of the above story, which the gamekeeper could not deny, and the laugh against him was so strong, that instead of standing forward as an accuser, he was glad to sneak off, rather than to await the consequences that might ensue if he had continued till the soldiers were dismissed from parade.

#### SKETCH FROM HISTORY.

ALONZO IV. surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigor of his age; the pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention, for his confident and favorites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forest of Centre while the affairs of government were neglected or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Counts and camps," said he, "were allotted to Kings, not woods and deserts; even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business, but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is consigned to ruin; we came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase; exploits which are intelligible only to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not,"—The King, starting with rage, interrupted:—"If not, what?"—"If not," resumed the nobleman in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King!" Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, hastened out of the room; in a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled:—"I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say: he that will not execute the duties of a King, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day you have nothing to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal."

#### RAVAGES OF WAR.

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

SINCE war's cruel ravage and murder's fell arm,  
Have robb'd our old groves of their pride,  
Our swains late so happy, have fled the alarm,  
And our lambskins have bleated and died.

O'er the turf which we hallow'd at eve's silent hour,  
The soldier's proud banners do wave;  
While war's furious charges has bruis'd the wild flow'r  
That bloom'd on our ancestor's grave.

No more when the moon-beam has silver'd the sky,  
Will our music enliven the swain;  
For the lute's gentle cadence we hear the deep sigh,  
And mourn o'er the desolate plain.

All clos'd are those gates where benevolence dwelt,  
And to misery open'd its door;  
E'en the cottage of prudence this ravage has felt,  
And ranks with the hard suffering poor.

Ah, where—when the keen winds of winter do blow,  
Ah, where shall the wretched apply?  
Since he who'd a mite and a heart to bestow,  
Has nothing to give but a sigh.

Last autumn our vallies were waving with corn,  
And gaily we reap'd the rich soil,  
In hopes when our labor these vallies had shorn,  
Abundance would sweeten our toil.

But alas, the proud demons of war still conspire,  
To sift the promoters of strife;  
While the phrenzy of idiots adds strength to the fire  
Which consumes the choice blessings of life.

Behold in yon village what sorrows arise—  
See, yon suppliant has sunk to the ground—  
'Tis the victim of famine just closing her eyes,  
And her orphans stand weeping around.

From the arms of meek virtue, enfeebled with years,  
See the son of his bosom depart;  
And the soldier's poor widow sits shedding those tears  
That give ease to her half broken heart.

Still blood-crested conquest can look with a smile,  
On the ravage its triumphs have made;  
While the olive of peace, which might gladden our Isle,  
Is left in the desert to fade.

#### A SIMILE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE mind of man is vastly like a hive;  
His thoughts are ever busy—all alive!  
But here the simile must go no further;  
For bees are making honey, one and all;  
Men's thoughts are busy in producing gall;  
Committing as it were, self murder.

But let the spirit that surrounds my fame  
Sit easy on me, just lik an old shoe—  
When disappointment sets my house in flame,  
Let reason all the can to quench it do:  
Reason has engines plentiful and stout  
With water at command to put it out!

I hate to hear men quarrelling thro' life,  
Themselves the fabricators of the strife,  
Forever hunting with a hound like nose,  
That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes;  
And when the woes invited greet 'em,  
They wonder how the devil they meet 'em.

#### WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE's no irregular desire,  
No sudden start of raging pain;  
Which, in a moment, grows a fire,  
And in a moment coals again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer,  
Who sings of darts, despair and chains;  
And by whose dismal verse his clear  
He wants not sense alone—but brains.

Nor is it centred in the brain,  
Who fights by rule—in order dies;  
Whose sense appears in outward show,  
And want of wit by dress supplies.

No;—love is something so divine,  
Description would but make it less;  
'Tis what I know—but can't define;  
'Tis what I feel—but can't express.

#### PITY.

AS blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring—so the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He that pitieth another recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the blessing of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

Shut not thine ear, therefore, against the cries of the poor, neither harden thy heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk and she implores thy assistance with tears of sorrow, O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thy heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groans on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of the dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, O! how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes.

#### CRUELTY.

AS the Emperor Baglus Maredo was hunting, in which he took great delight, a great stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horns in the Emperor's girdle, and dragged him some distance, to the imminent danger of his life; which one of the gentlemen of the retinue perceiving, drew his sword, and cut the Emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe the reward:—he was sentenced to death, for putting his sword to near the person of the Emperor! and suffered accordingly.

#### DUELLING.

A Whimsical meeting lately took place in Jamaica, between a ruddy son of Neptune, and a pragmatic coxcomb, occasioned by a trifling dispute, fought by the latter, for the purpose of becoming the MAN OF HONOR, among the circle of bucks, and insinuating it should be settled in an honorable manner (making use of the expression, powder and ball). The Captain humorously accepted the challenge, and the time and place being fixed on, our dashing blade attended by his second appeared on the ground at the appointed hour, and waiting some short time expressed his surprise at the absence of his adversary; the Captain, however, at last hove in sight, riding postilion to a carriage, on which was mounted an eight and forty pounder, exclaiming on his arrival, "Now give the signal for a broadside, and I'll soon batter your hulk!" Our buck conceiving he carried an inferior force, was obliged to strike, the Captain then deemed it prudent to send both him and his second adrift, with fore backs, to lament the disappointment of a COCK DUEL.

#### THE SKATING ARMY.

WHEN Louis the fourteenth so powerfully invaded the United Provinces, as to oblige them to have recourse to an inundation, the famous Marshal Luxembourg nearly rendered it inefficual. When the winter set in, and the waters were frozen, this officer chose 12,000 men with skates, and proceeded on the ice to make himself master of Amsterdam. When within sight, and almost within reach of his object, a thaw took place, the ice gave way, and sovrax went all his splendid hopes of success. What embarrassed him equally, was to make good his retreat. His provisions and ammunition were lost; his men were over head and ears in water; and after great difficulties in marching on the tops of walls, &c. he returned with a remnant of them to the camp of his master.

#### ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY's a perfect mistress of her art,  
With picklock keys to open every heart.  
What mortal can withstand the fire of flattery?  
No one! 'tis such a most successful battery.  
No head, however thick, resists its shot;  
Yet each pretends to mock it! what a lot!  
Dunce flatters dunces, and to fools they rise  
On fancy's wing self mounted—to the skies.

Remark. IT is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.



## SONNET TO RELIGION.

PURE source of bliss—sweet soother of the soul!  
Thou only good, unmix'd, to mortals known;  
Shed o'er my wayward heart thy mild controul;  
Be thou my guide, and mark me for thine own.  
Far from this breast that gloomy demon chace,  
Cheerless, cold hearted Infidelity!—  
Beam on my soul the sunshine of thy grace,  
Thy peace of mind, thy calm tranquillity.  
Daughter of truth,—mild and benignant maid!  
—Alike from gloom and hair-brained folly free,—  
Tho' from thy paths my erring feet have stray'd,  
Again my wearied soul would turn to thee.  
Oh then in pity grant thy suppliant's pray'r  
And bid him welcome thy delight to share!

## THE ODD FELLOW.

YOUR odd fellow is one who will do nothing like the rest of the world. There was a few years ago, a remarkable illustration of this character in one White, a man of a small independent fortune, who lived in the borough of Southwark, (England); this man acted wholly upon the principles of contradiction; on a Sunday he always wore the worst cloaths, and fed on the worst food he could get, because others both eat and wore the best. On a Monday, because it is a kind of a holiday, he used to employ himself in some sort of work from morning till night; the rest of the week he kept holiday, dressing himself just decent on a Tuesday, better on a Wednesday, better still on Thursday, and so on till Saturday evening, when other people were busy and undressed, he was the idlest and best dressed man in the parish; he used to make a point of dining on a goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on pancakes on Michaelmas day; he fed upon oysters as long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating them as soon as there was an R. in the month; he almost starved himself on Christmas day; and eat like a glutton when there was a public proclamation for a fast; when it rained hard he went without his waistcoat or great coat, but would button himself up close and warm in the hottest day in summer; he wrote with a skewer cut into the form of a pen, and fastened his letters with paste; he constantly sat on a low table, and eat off a chair; he slept in his kitchen, breakfasted in his garret, dined in the cellar, and eat his supper all the year round in the passage leading to the street door; he married three wives and lived with neither of them; he would frequently pay a waterman to take his boat and attend him on the banks of the Thames, but never got into it; and once a month he hired a coach, but always rode with the coachman; he sometimes called for a pot of punch at an ale house, and always drank it at the door he shaved himself with a pen knife, and combed his wig with a clothbrush; he sometimes went to church and flaid the whole service, but never sat down;—when in company, he never spoke a word, but when alone he was always talking to himself; when he was sick he sent for the butcher, but of en when in health he consulted the apothecary; he paid his house rent in the middle of the quarter, and always before it came due; when he died he owed no man a shilling, and took sufficient care that no man should ever owe him sixpence.

## ON A MOST EXCELLENT WOMAN.

Such sweetness and goodness together combined,  
So beautiful her face, and so bright is her mind,  
So loving yet chaste, and so humble yet fair,  
So comely her shape, and so decent her air,  
So skilful that nature's improved by her art,  
So prudent her head, and so bounteous her heart;  
So wise, without pride, and so modestly neat,  
'Tis strange this agreeable creature's a cheat;  
For tho' she to man for a mortal was given,  
These virtues betray her extraction from heaven!

## AN ANECDOTE.

A Sailor, after having been stripped of almost all his shiners by some free-hearted ladies in Wapping, took a place in one of the mail coaches from London. Arriving a few minutes before the time, he was first seated in the coach; presently a gentleman stepped in, and a lady was about to follow, when Jack, very smarting with the sense of recent injury, roared out, "Awa! awa! my mistress no women here!" Without noticing his exclamation, she was advancing farther into the vehicle, when losing all patience, "Split my timbers, I tell you there's no women here!"

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1801.

On Thursday morning the frigate Boston, with our Envoy to France, ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Esq. sailed from this port with a fine fair breeze from N. W.

The Health Office of the city of Philadelphia have issued an order, That all vessels coming to that port from New-York, or from Norfolk in Virginia, stop at the Lazaretto, for a visit from the Resident Physician and Quarantine Master, and be there detained until the decision of the Board.

The Baltimore Board of Health have resolved, That all vessels and passengers from New-York, shall come to at their Quarantine Ground, for examination.

On Friday night last, an attempt was made to break into the house occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Avery, corner of Catharine and Rutgers-streets; but the villain was discovered and made his escape.

Tuesday morning, about 3 o'clock, another attempt was made to rob the house of Mrs. Cook, directly opposite the house of Mr. Avery. The robber succeeded in entering the house, but an alarm being given, and timely assistance rendered, the villain was found retreated to the garret, and is safely lodged in Bridewell. He calls his name John Wright, and says he belongs to the ship Washington.

The Lovely-Lefs, Captain Barnum, belonging to Mels. John and William Woods, of this city, with a valuable cargo of sugar, &c. from Havana to this port, foundered at sea four days after leaving that place, after experiencing a heavy gale of wind the day previous, in which it is supposed she must have started some of her planks. Two of her crew were lost—the Captain and remainder have arrived at St. Mary's.

A melancholy accident, we are sorry to learn, took place on Friday the 24th ult. near Franklin. The circumstances, as near as we can collect from the communications on the subject, are as follows:

A number of persons, amounting to about fifty, had that day met at Franklin, with a view of fishing in the Miami with what is called a Bush Drag. It appears that Mr. Potts, who could not swim, in following the drag over a deep hole lost his hold—with a view of assisting him, David Buchanan swam to him, but Potts clasped him in such a manner as to prevent his swimming, and they were both sinking, when Robert Buchanan swam to them for the same benevolent purpose that his brother had went to Potts; but alas! he was unable to save either himself or them—but, clasped in each others arms they all three sunk, and were drowned together. By the exertions of the company they were soon found and brought to shore, where every means was used to recover them; but it was too late! Their spirits had already taken their flight to that country from whose booms no traveller returns. John Potts has left a wife, and four young children; and Robert Buchanan a wife and three small children to lament their loss. David Buchanan was a young man.

## WONDERFUL WORKS OF PROVIDENCE.

A Singular non-descript animal, has a few weeks since, several times made its appearance near Northumberland town in Pennsylvania, which has been the subject of much speculative enquiry in these parts. The extraordinary formation of this wonderful creature, as represented by a number of respectable inhabitants of that place, who have seen it, is certainly astonishing to every one, particularly so to those acquainted with natural history, and furnishes the mind with a variety of conjectures, some of which perhaps not very favorable to the human species. It is said to be about five feet in height, and moves erect; it has a more perfect human face than any other animal of the brute creation hitherto spoken of. The head is shrouded with hair, which falls regular over the forehead, near to the eye-brows; its neck and breast are bare, but downwards is covered entirely with hair of a reddish cast. Its arms and hands appear perfect like those of a man, excepting the nails which are similar to claws of beasts; but the feet appear perfect. It has a very long tail which it winds round its body when running. An attempt was made to catch it a short time since, by three gentlemen on horse-back, one of which was near enough to strike it with the lash of his whip, but taking down a steep hill, the gentlemen were obliged to dismount to pursue it, when it made its escape.—We hear a thousand dollars are offered for this animal alive.

Harrisburgh (Penn.) Paper.

COURT OF HYMEN.

FRIENDSHIP's a noble generous flame,  
When steady and sincere,  
It woe oppels—fron it we claim,  
The sympathetic tear:  
Friendship may oft its worth impart,  
Does oft its value prove,  
But there's no friendship cheers the heart,  
Like that of MUTUAL LOVE.

## MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. JOHN STEPHENS, Merchant, to Miss ANN MARIA DELAPLAINE, both of this city.

Same day at Woodbridge, (New-Jersey) by the Rev. Mr. Roe, Mr. SAMUEL STUBBS, of Boston, M<sup>rs</sup> Sachaetus, to Miss MARY MARSH, of Rahway, New Jersey.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Joseph Pimfore, Mr. NICHOLAS BICKER, to Miss DOROTHY DOW both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Capt. JOHN GURST to Miss COOK, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Dr. JOHN R. E. ROGERS, Physician, to Miss HELEN McDUGAL, both of this city.

At the Friends Meeting-House on Wednesday, SAMUEL HICKS, of the house of Hicks and Post, to SARAH HAYDOCK.

## MORTALITY.

The plant, the tree, the bud, and opening flow'r,  
Wither, O Death! before thy blasting power.

## DIED.

On Saturday the 3d inst. of a dropfy, much lamented, Mr. OLIVER MILDEBERGER, an old and respectable citizen.

On Sunday last, of a consumption, Mrs. BARNEWALL, wife of Mr. George Barnewall, merchant.

Sunday morning, Mr. HENRY SADLER, of this city, merchant.

On Monday evening, Mr. SIMPSON, of the New York company of Comedians.

On Tuesday last, Mr. MOSES ADINGSSELLS, of Georgia, aged 25 years, son of the late Rev. Moses Allen.

Same day Mr. JAMES HUNT merchant, one of the Representatives of this city in the State Legislature.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. JOHN M. C. SMITH, in the 22d year of his age.

On Thursday morning, at an advanced age, WILLIAM MEARES. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country about 4 years since. A family in England, and his acquaintance at large, will long regret the removal of so much worth and virtue out of life.

Same day, Mr. LAURENCE SALISBURY, of the house of Manley and Salisbury.

From the Report of the Resident Physician of the 11th inst. it appears, that from the 7th to that date 23 persons have died of the Malignant Fever.

“Meddler, No. 13.” in our next,—FRENCH'S Translation from OVID shall then have a place.

We hope our Subscribers will excuse the irregularity with which they have been served with the Museum for the three last weeks; it was occasioned by the absence of one of the carriers—measures will be taken to prevent a like disappointment in future. Those who wish the deficient papers can be accommodated at the office.

## Hot-pressed Family Bible,

A very elegant Copy, for sale at John Harrison's Book-Store, No. 3 Peck slip. Also a fresh assortment of Books, Stationary, &c.

## EVENING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber informs the Public, that he has opened his EVENING SCHOOL No. 55 Cherry-street, in the Room occupied by Mr. Tuttle last winter.  
Oct. 3, 1802. JEREMIAH O'DRISCOL.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### FATHERLESS FANNY.

A BALLAD.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around,  
As cold as the lips that once smil'd upon me;  
And unyielding, alas! as the hard frozen ground,  
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.  
Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,  
But few to console and to love me if any;  
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance at most  
Repays the exertions of fatherless FANNY.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,  
But 'twas when my parents fat by and approv'd I!  
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,  
Because my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd.  
And at night when I brought them my hard-earn'd gains,  
Tho' small they might be, still my comforts were many;  
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,  
My father stood watching to welcome his FANNY.

But ah! now that I work by their presence unshelter'd  
I feel 'tis a hardship indeed to be poor;  
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endur'd,  
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.  
Then alas! when at night I return to my home,  
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;  
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,  
Where no one exclaims, "thou art welcome my FANNY!"

That, that is the pang! Want and toil would impart  
No pangs to my breast, if kind friends I could see,  
For the wealth I require is that of the heart;  
The smiles of affection are riches to me.  
Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply  
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,  
With the accents of kindness O deign to deny!  
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless FANNY.

### SONG.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,  
And folly and fashion expect our whole time,  
Ah! let not those phantoms our wishes engage,  
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us awhile,  
Yet let not the flattery our prudence beguile,  
Let us love those charms that will never decay,  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

"How tints of the rose, and the jessamine's perfume,  
The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,  
Tho' fair and tho' fragrant unheeded may lie,  
For that neither is sweet when FLORELLA is by."

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health,  
Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,  
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,  
And the moralist Time, shakes his glass at my door,  
What charm to left beauty or wealth should I find?  
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve then as pure as 'twas given,  
And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heaven,  
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,  
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,  
And Death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,  
Relig'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.

### ANECDOTE.

At a naval review, near Weymouth, (England) for the amusement of their Majesties, and the female part of their family, the King was inclined to give a gratuity to the sailors on board the ship where he was entertained; but, considering that the sailors were very numerous, and that even at one shilling each, it would greatly impoverish the royal exchequer, he thought fit to change the intended pecuniary favor into a spiritual one, and most graciously ordered divine service to be performed. This princely gift was received with all the pious gratitude that might have been expected. One of the tars, to show his sense of the princely blessing, founded aloud in the fore-castle. "Ho! all hands to prayers, and be d-----d to you!"

## MORALIST.

IF the social affections are allowed to be the inspirers of virtue and magnanimity, how is a man to be supposed capable of exerting those qualities, who perceives they are not likely to minister to any one's gratification? Or how can he entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds those who ought to esteem him inclined to do it? He will feel little inclination to cultivate faculties in which no one appears either to feel a pleasure or to take an interest.

But how different must be the situation of a man, who, in the partner of his affection, possesses an incitement to virtue; and who, in the approving smile of her tenderness, enjoys the most refined and gratifying reward! With what spirit and perseverance will he labor in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be carefully improved! With what confidence will he exert himself, what difficulties encounter, what dangers meet, when he knows he is not spending his time in vain; and that the gentle being, whose interest and happiness are blended with his own, shares in her turn his solicitude and care!

Human life is composed of variations; sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of the most prosperous; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has merely found an associate for his days of happiness, whilst for the months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

The moralities of life, and the duties of religion, are so completely blended and amalgamated, that it is impossible to break through the one, without a manifest infringement on the other; but, amidst all the natural ties that bind them, none ought to act so strongly on the mind as those existing between wife and husband; and in how interesting a light do those characters appear, whose conjugal virtues embellish the page either of the poet or historian! Who can peruse with coldness or indifference the tenderness of an Andromache, the stability of a Penelope, the resolution of a Paulina, or the delicacy of a Lucretia? Or who can hesitate to pronounce, that such characters become patterns to their sex, and an honor to human nature?

### 25 DOLLARS REWARD.

RUNAWAY on the 19th June, an Apprentice Boy named JOHN HOPKINS, knows the coopering business; He is about five feet seven or eight inches high, rather short made, light complexion, peck marked, and light hair; had on when he went away a nanken sailor's jacket and trowsers; he took with him several suits of clothes, which he will no doubt change. Whoever will return said boy to No. 262, Water-street, shall receive the above reward, and all reasonable charges paid.

N. B. Masters of vessels are forwarned carrying the said boy off, as they will be prosecuted at the rigour of the law.

### 25 DOLLARS REWARD.

RUNAWAY on Sunday the 30th August, an apprentice boy named DAVID MEAD, knows the coopering business, he is about five feet six inches high, stout made, fair face, long black hair and bald on his crown. Had on when he went away a blue round jacket and trowsers and black hat; he took with him several suits of clothes, which he will no doubt change. Whoever will return said apprentice to No. 262, Water-street, shall receive the above reward, and all reasonable charges paid.

N. B. Masters of vessels are forbid taking off said boy, as they will be prosecuted at the rigour of the law.

### FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST on the 15th ult. a SILVER WATCH, maker name F. Ireland, Wexford No. 17. Whoever has found said watch, and will send it to Peter Field, watchmaker, No. 252 Pearl-street, near Beckman-slip, will receive the above reward, and no questions asked. Watchmakers, auctioneers, and grocers, are requested to examine such watches as may be offered to them for sale, pawn, &c.

### EVENING TUITION.

At the Academy, No. 19, Broad-Street.

---TERMS---

Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, &c. 3 dollars a Scholar per quarter. Navigation and Surveying, together with various Branches in the Mathematics, 2. 1-2 Dollars a Scholar per month.

N. B. Quills, Ink, Pen-Wood and Candles, included in the above Charges. Attendance from 6 to half after 8 o'clock.

---THANIEL MEAD.

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He has been prevailed upon by a number of applicants, to open, at this early season, an

### EVENING SCHOOL FOR SEAMEN.

and others, who wish to become proficient in nautical science.

As the Subscriber intends to establish a School of reputation in this place, none will be admitted but such as are decent; nor will his avidity for lucra induce him to accept of more than he can faithfully attend to.

September 5.

JOSIAH MALLERY.

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